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MOTOR POLICIES

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LOCAL DEFENCE VOLUNTEERS IN THE WEST COUNTRY

Here in this picture are the men of Chipping Norton, Gloucestershire. One of the finest Local Defence Volunteer forces in the country, they number seventy strong. Everyone is armed and everyone is a good shot. They know no limit of age, the youngest is seventeen and the oldest seventy-two. Meeting and rallying place of the corps is the ancient market place. You see some of them in the picture examining their rifles before they go out on sentry duty

Like experts they start discussing whether they are British or German. Bombs are spoken of as impartially as though they were a new type of fertiliser.

A man looks at his watch and goes off home to make up the sleep he lost on duty the previous night.

At the hotel, pathetically closed except for the bar, attended by a white-coated barman, a few officers are sitting talking. They are from various regiments and talk a lot of shop. Congratulations for a young officer who, given by an observation post the bearing of a flash of a bomb twenty miles away, reported where it should have fallen to within 100 yards; jokes about the batman who can only make omelettes; but no one stays long. There is an atmosphere of restless activity. And the bar closes with peremptory promptness, for the white-coated attendant is off for his turn with the parashots.

As I go home the sky is alight with searchlights and there is a distant drone. Once again in good country accents I am challenged by the L.D.V. Only next day do I learn that bombs fell just a few miles away; that the A.A. fire put up a pyrotechnic display and almost certainly so crippled an aeroplane that it woul dnot reach home. I slept through it all.

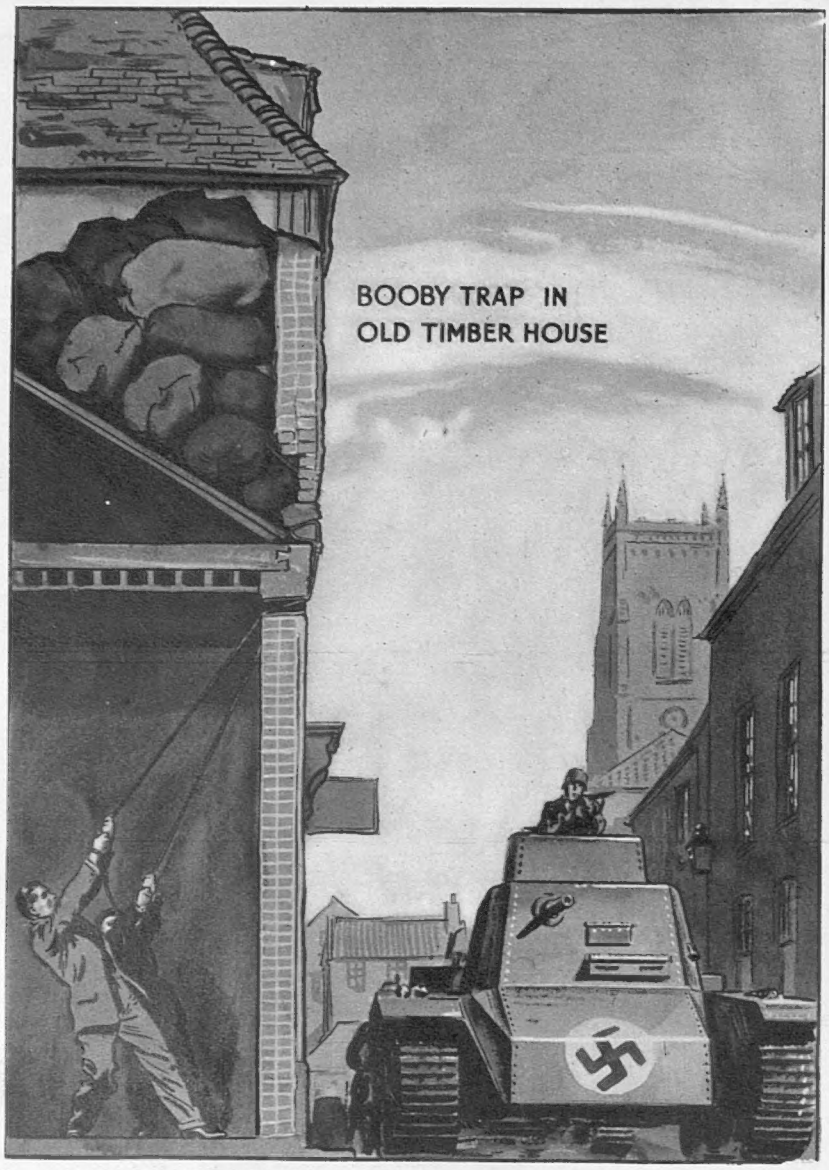
Next day I jotted down these points in defence. My host had to unlock his garage and make his car useful again. The fairways of the golf course are rendered useless to aeroplanes, and big fields had haystacks or obstructions in the middle, but not all of them. Many houses had trenches in front of them and many others were empty. Tucked away were some civilian houses which had been converted into a very efficient and clean hospital. A big car stood outside a quiet house,

Some bigwig from London was at local headquarters during a tour of this much-inspected district. In streets which would normally have been packed with holidaymakers Tommies sat and sunned themselves. I saw no children. A loose mine was spotted floating in with the tide, but it turned out to be a barrel of apples. The only maid at the hotel refused to leave until she was ordered—she has too many officers to attend to. It all sounds so trivial in the writing, these small things, but in days, or even hours, they may be memories to look back upon. A peaceful English countryside bristling with preparations for invasion. To recall the miles and miles north and south that the front line stretched, largely concealed by masses of foliage, for the countryside is at its most luxuriant, made me feel that it was impossible that any German foot should trample them in war.

As I drove to the station the sun was setting. From farms and village the parashots were mustering again, ready to defend their homes. A civilian army waits with a spirit which can never be wasted. It must not be frittered away.

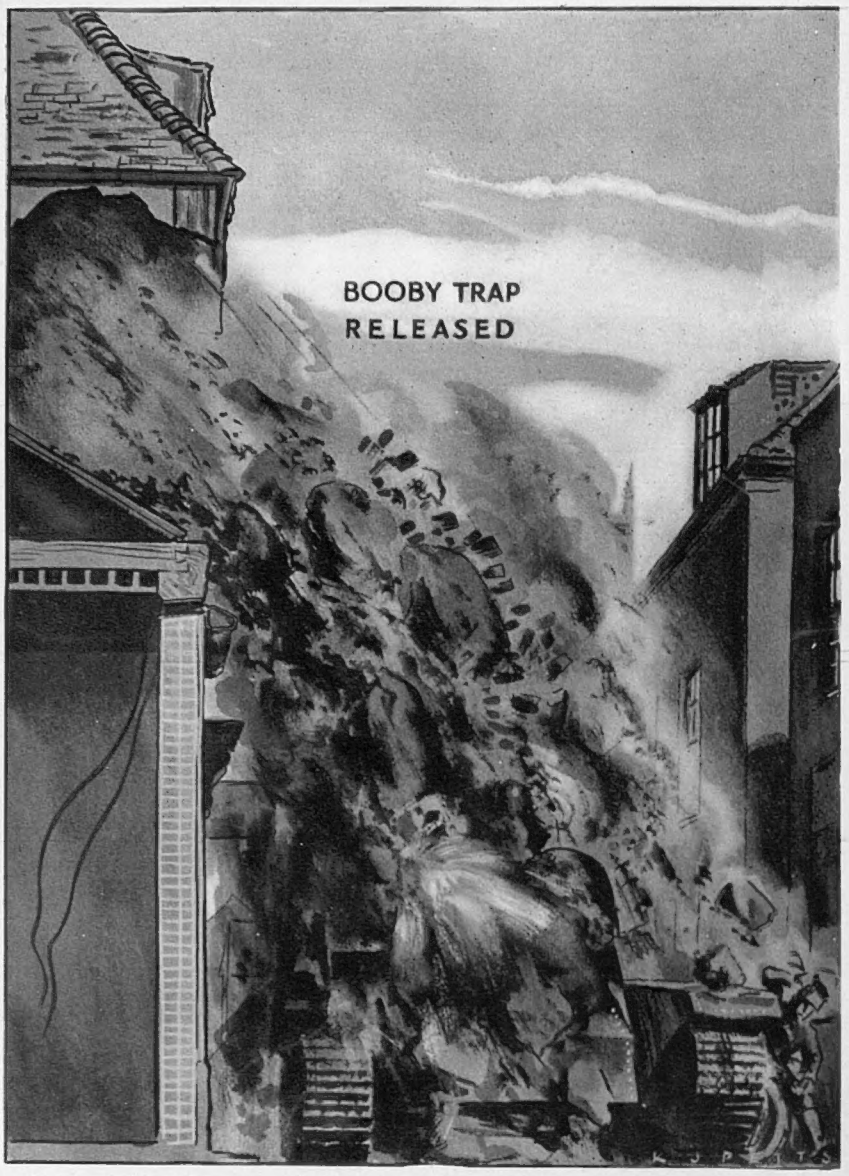
THE LOCAL DEFENCE VOLUNTEER FORCES OF THE WESTERN HILLS

The men of the Local Defence Volunteers are here seen marching through the village street of Chipping Norton, Gloucestershire. The whole of the little town is stone built. Some charming examples of the local architecture are seen in the background

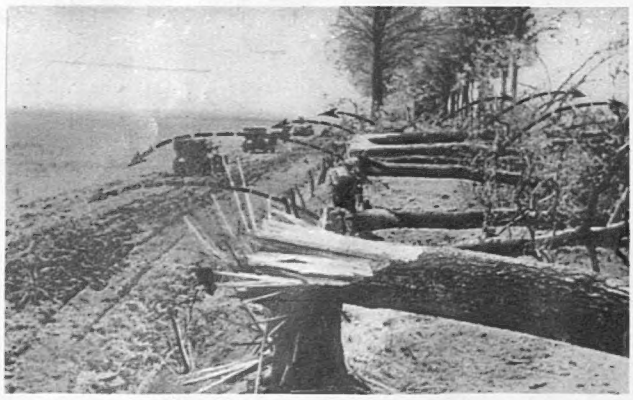


A VARIATION OF THE BOOBY TRAP, OFTEN EFFECTIVELY USED IN MOUNTAINOUS COUNTRY—FIRST POSITION

In these two pictures a suggestion is made of the possible adaptations of the old booby-trap device. Here it is a narrow street with an old timbered house on one side. The framework is loosened so that the piled-up mass can be released at the desired moment



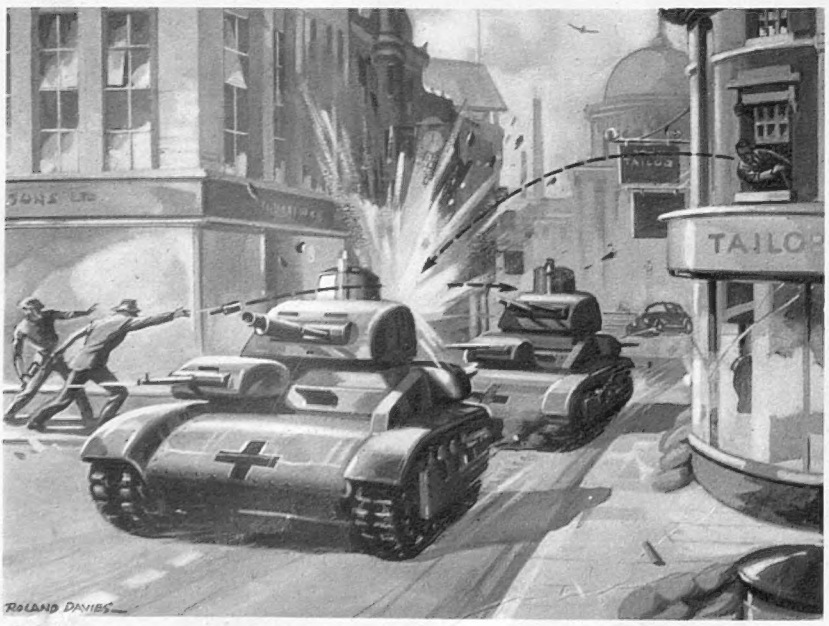
IN THIS SECOND POSITION A TANK AND THE ROADWAY HAVE BEEN PUT OUT OF ACTION



WHEN FELLING TREES, SPREAD THEM OUT—Do not merely cover the road, let some of the trees fall to right and left and thereby add to the width of the obstacle

A FIELD WITH A CUT CROP UPON IT MAY SUGGEST FORMS OF ATTACK

Here is the reaped field lying to hand: can it be used at a desperate moment to stop a possible invader? *See* the pictures on the opposite page



FIRE IS ONE OF THE WEAPONS MOST FEARED BY THE TANK

Enemy tanks are imagined to be advancing through a small town. Only a few guardians are present but they are armed with a weapon—the petrol grenade—which was used by the Finns with great effect

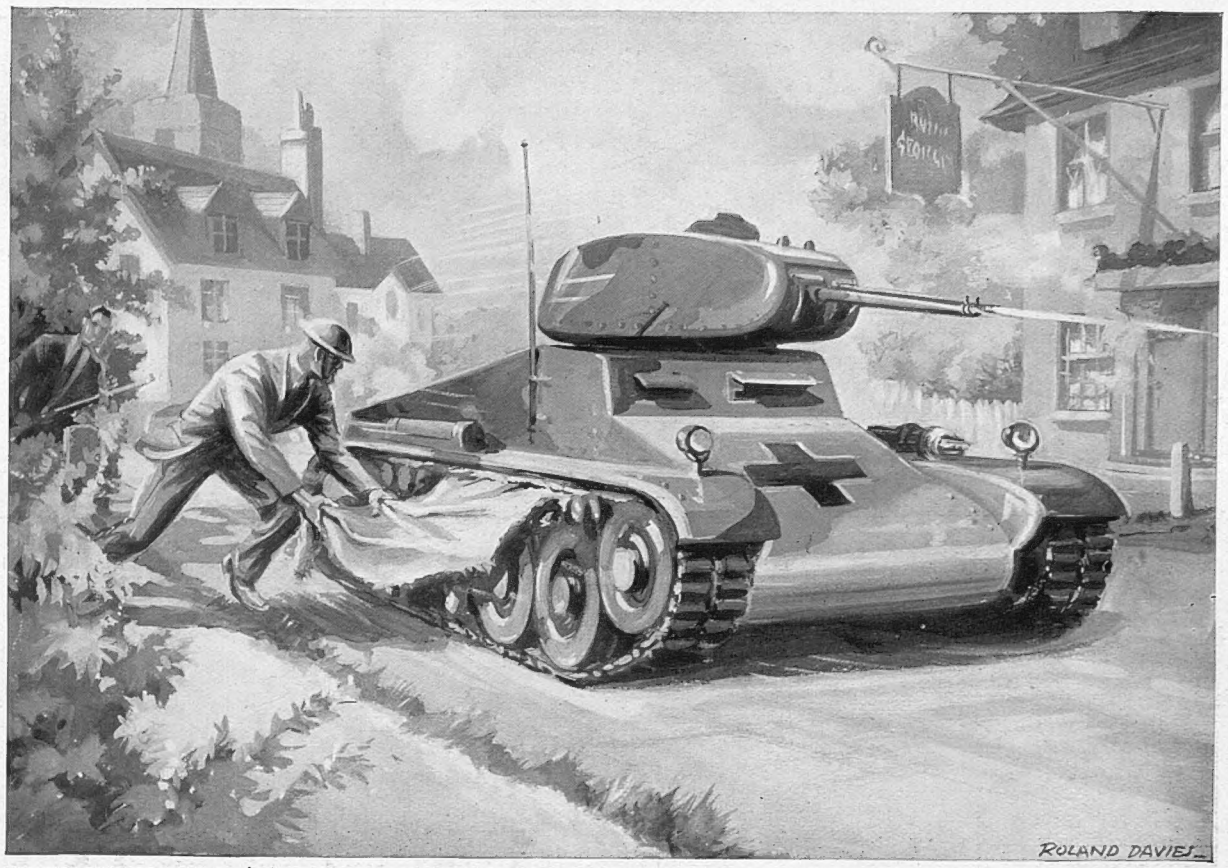
ANOTHER SUGGESTION FOR ATTACKING THE TANK—FIRING THE TRACK FROM BELOW

The track of the tank is a very vulnerable part of the whole mechanism. Methods of immobilising the tank at this weak spot either by fire or metal rams will exercise inventive minds

FIGHTING THE TANK

Some Desperate Remedies are Here Suggested to Meet the Imagined Raiders Here Depicted by a Number of "Sphere" Artists who have Illustrated this Special Section

These Drawings have been Prepared with the Idea of Throwing out Suggestions which might Tend to Possible Applications of the Basic Ideas here Depicted by the Appropriate Bodies Appointed by the Government to Resist the Invader



THE TRACKS OF TANKS CAN BE CHOKED BY VARIOUS MEANS

It has been pointed out that the continuous tracks of tanks are capable of being clogged by the introduction of various objects or materials. How is one to throw a track out of gear? A blanket suggests itself as a possible means. The guns of many of the light tanks cannot sweep a low level very close at hand

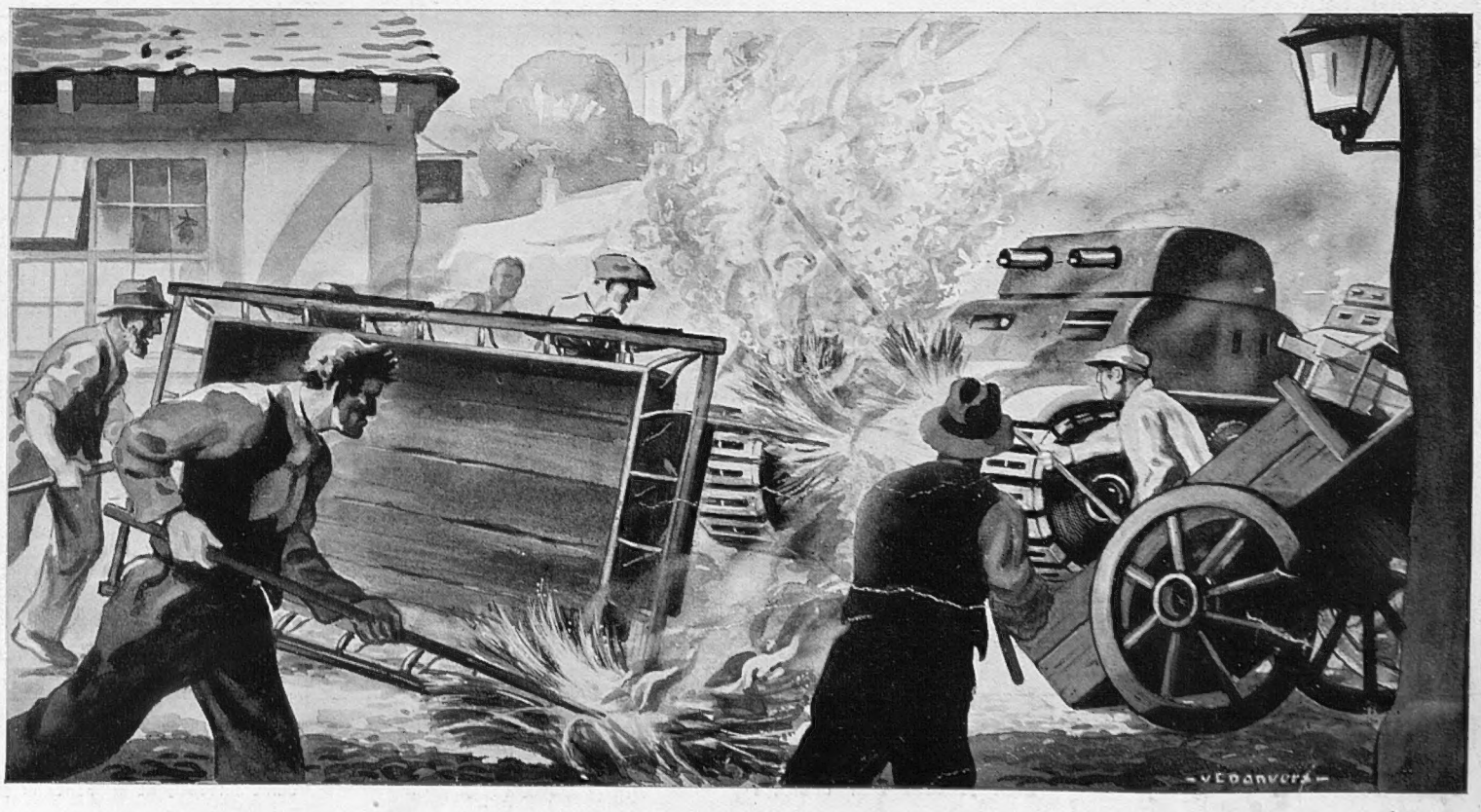
BLOCKING A VILLAGE STREET WITH FIRE WAGGONS

Here is a method which might arrest the apparently immune —a sudden collision with highly combustible material

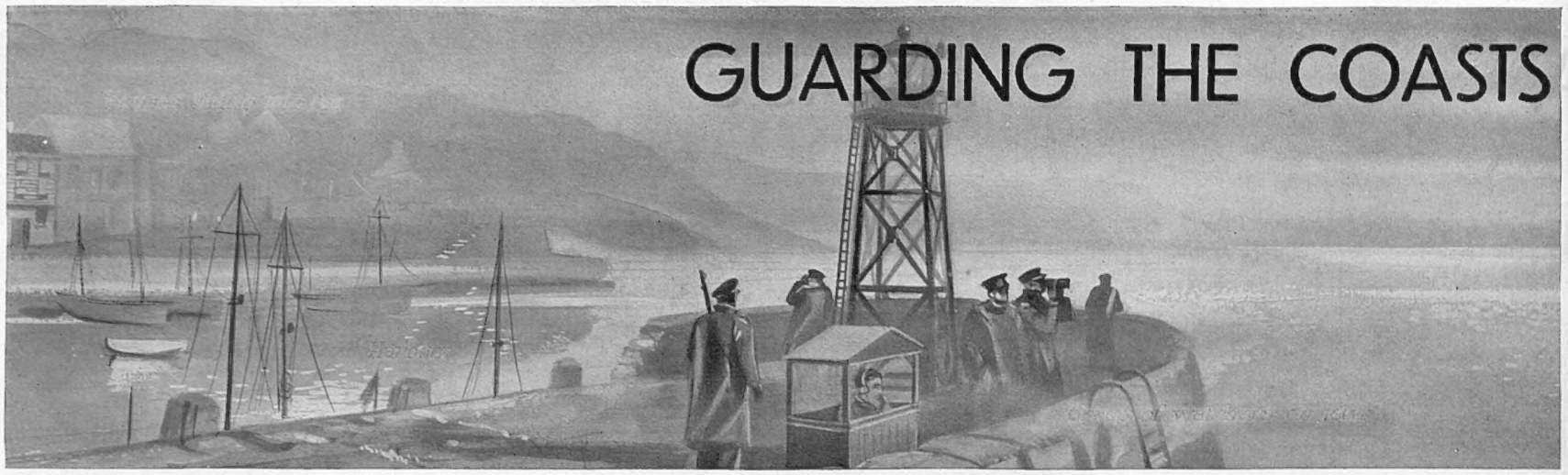
THE VULNERABLE UNDERSIDE OF THE TANK

The "belly" of the tank is vulnerable to the anti-tank gun. The tank has to be caught just when it is rising or running down a slope. A lucky shot here might well end the tank's career

Here *on the right* and *above* are two suggestions for employing the combustible materials of the countryside in the effort to stop an imagined raid by tanks. They are gaily careering along a road with the crews apparently immune behind armour. But there is a very big chink in this armour which might be penetrated by fire, a danger which must be feared by the crew more than the shell or the bullet. The waggons shown *above* might be further piled with blazing hay or straw



GUARDING THE COASTS

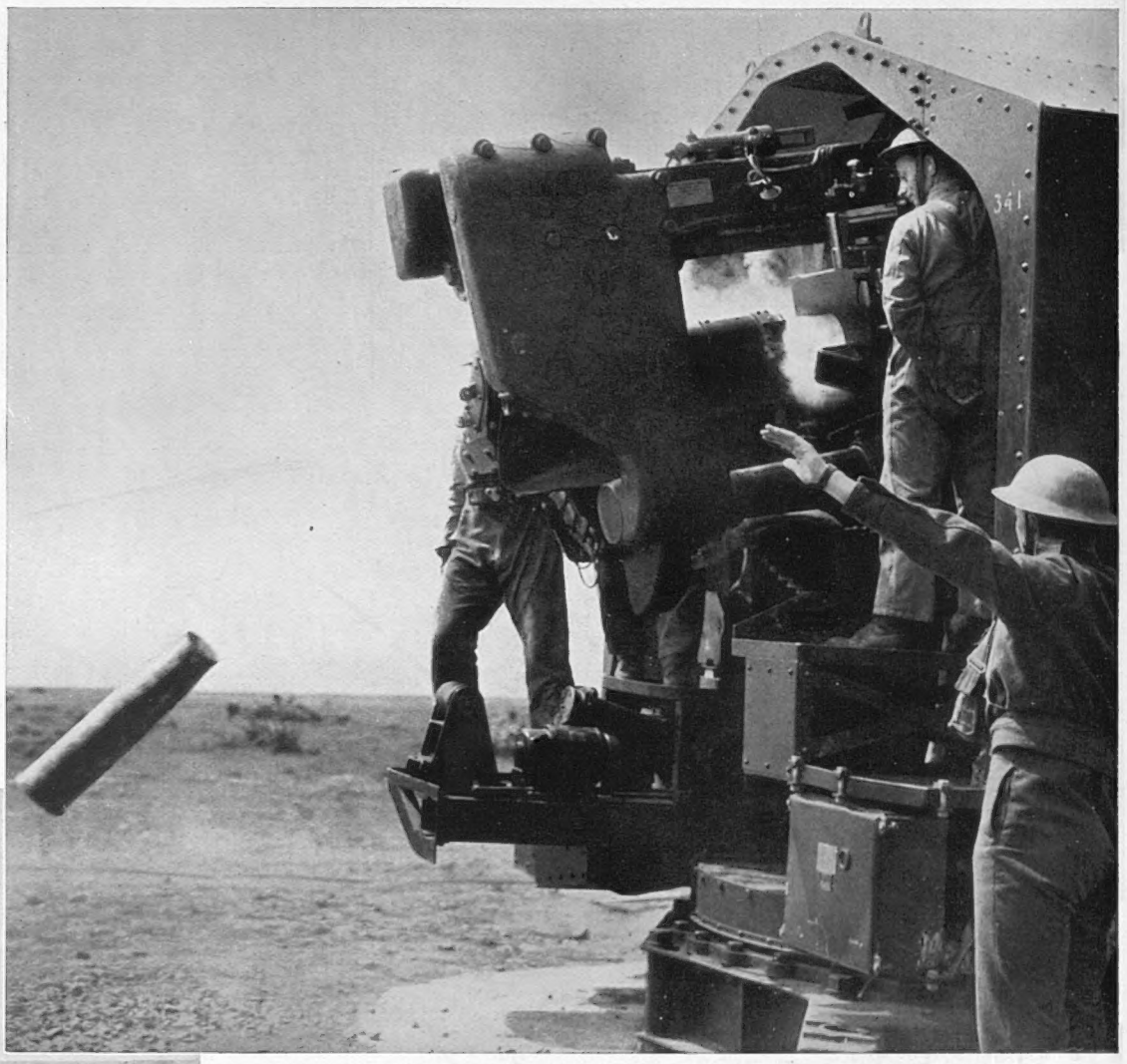


WATCHING THE COASTLINE UNDER ALL CONDITIONS OF WEATHER

The responsibility of the guardians of the coast are great—certainly greater at some times than others. There comes a nasty evening with the fog rolling up and visibility getting down to nil. Every watcher has to become super-sensitive—until the wind comes round the corner—an imperceptible drift at first and then the veil is lifted in the miraculous way it can be

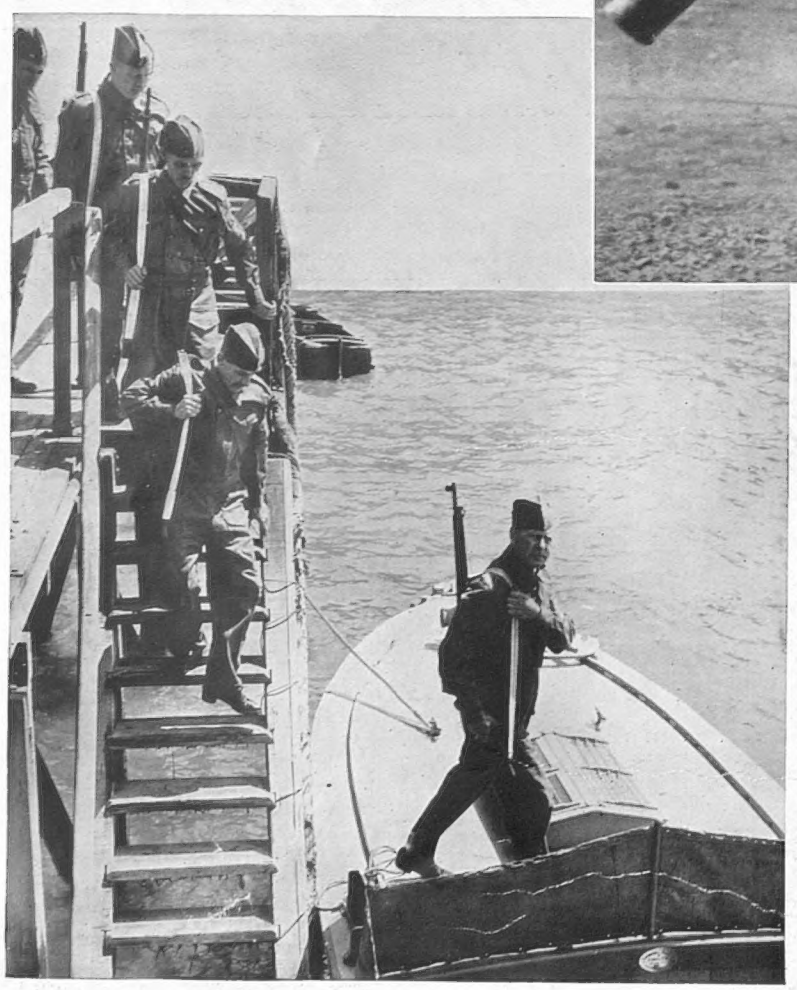
WATCHING NEAR THE COAST

This gunner is seated by the side of a weapon which he has got to know—it is a good gun and he is longing to get in another "bull"



AN UNUSUAL VISION OF AN ANTI-AIRCRAFT GUN

The shell is seen being ejected after firing. The crews are now well practised in firing these efficient guns. Every part of the gun is now familiar and its little ways are known



A WISE PRECAUTION AT A RIVERSIDE WORKS

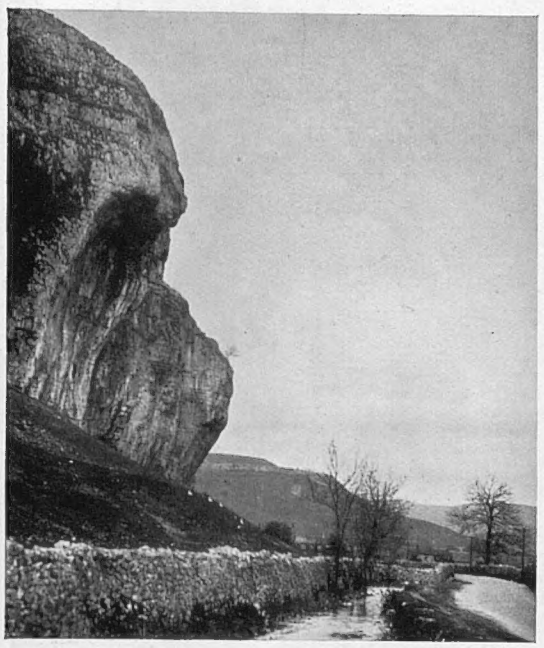
A "Parashot" patrol has been organised at this works. The firm have arranged things so the men go on duty in rotation; all have been supplied with uniforms

ONE OF MANY EFFICIENT SPOTS WHERE THE SKY IS CONSTANTLY WATCHED

This squad is well placed in its protected station. The size of the range-finder is a gauge of the extent to which equipment has been improved. *On right*—One of the clever predictors which do sums correctly at moments of great excitement

AND FIELDS

from Attack by AIR and SEA

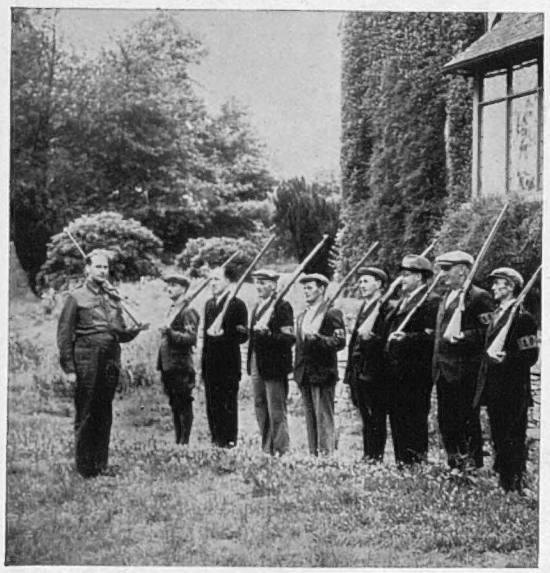


NATURE FORTUNATELY CREATES BARRIERS

This cliff in the Midlands would be a nasty obstacle to meet in misty weather

ANY OPEN FIELD 250-300 YARDS LONG MAY BE USED BY THE ENEMY FOR AIR LANDINGS

In the foreground, the terrain is already broken up by trees and hedgerow, but on the upper ground there is what appears to be an open meadow which might be usable by a plane attempting a landing. Any clear space measuring some 250 yards in length should be broken up by obstacles

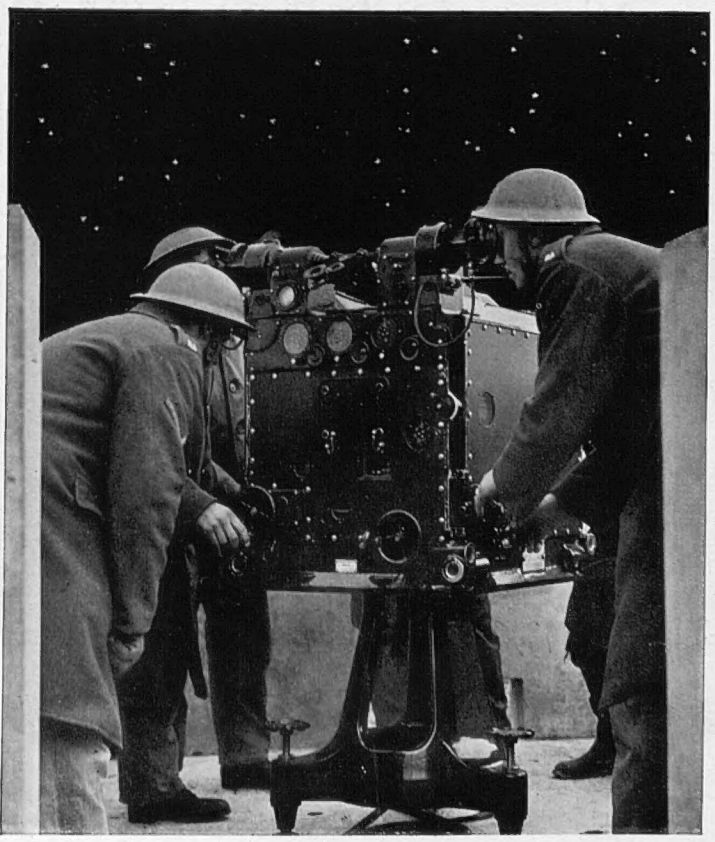


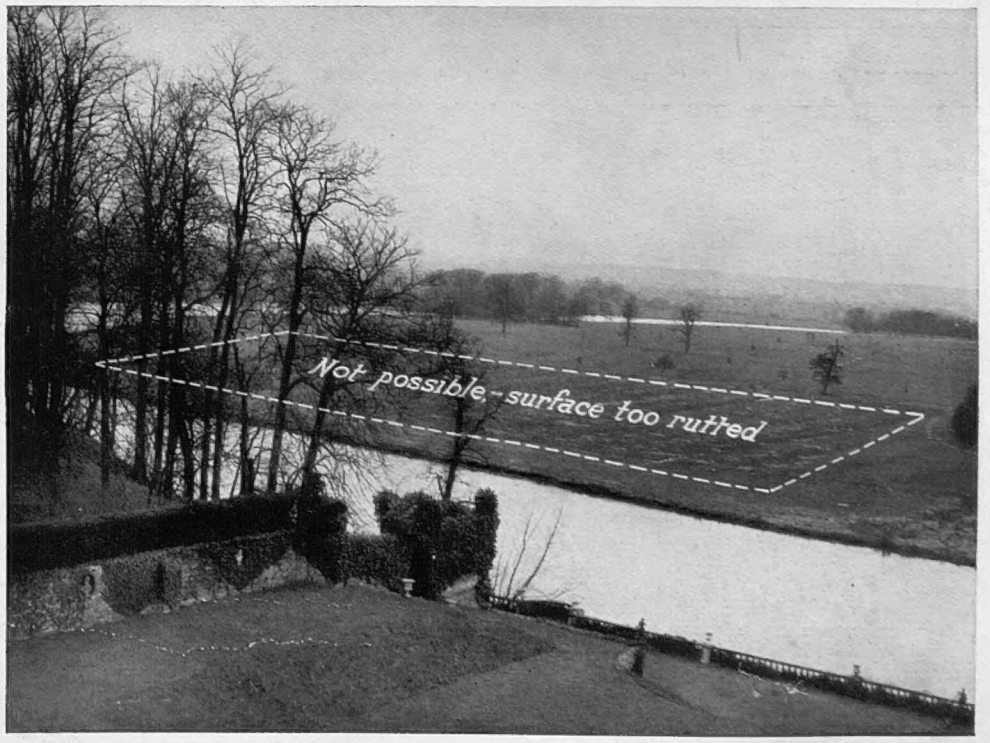
DEVON SQUIRE HAS RIGHT TO FORM BAND

By ancient title deed the Squire of the Manor of Coryton, Devon, Mr. T. Newman, has the privilege to form an armed band. His servants and tenants have become a body of L.D.V.s

ALL LEVEL SPACES SHOULD BE TREATED IN SOME WAY TO PREVENT SUCCESSFUL LANDINGS

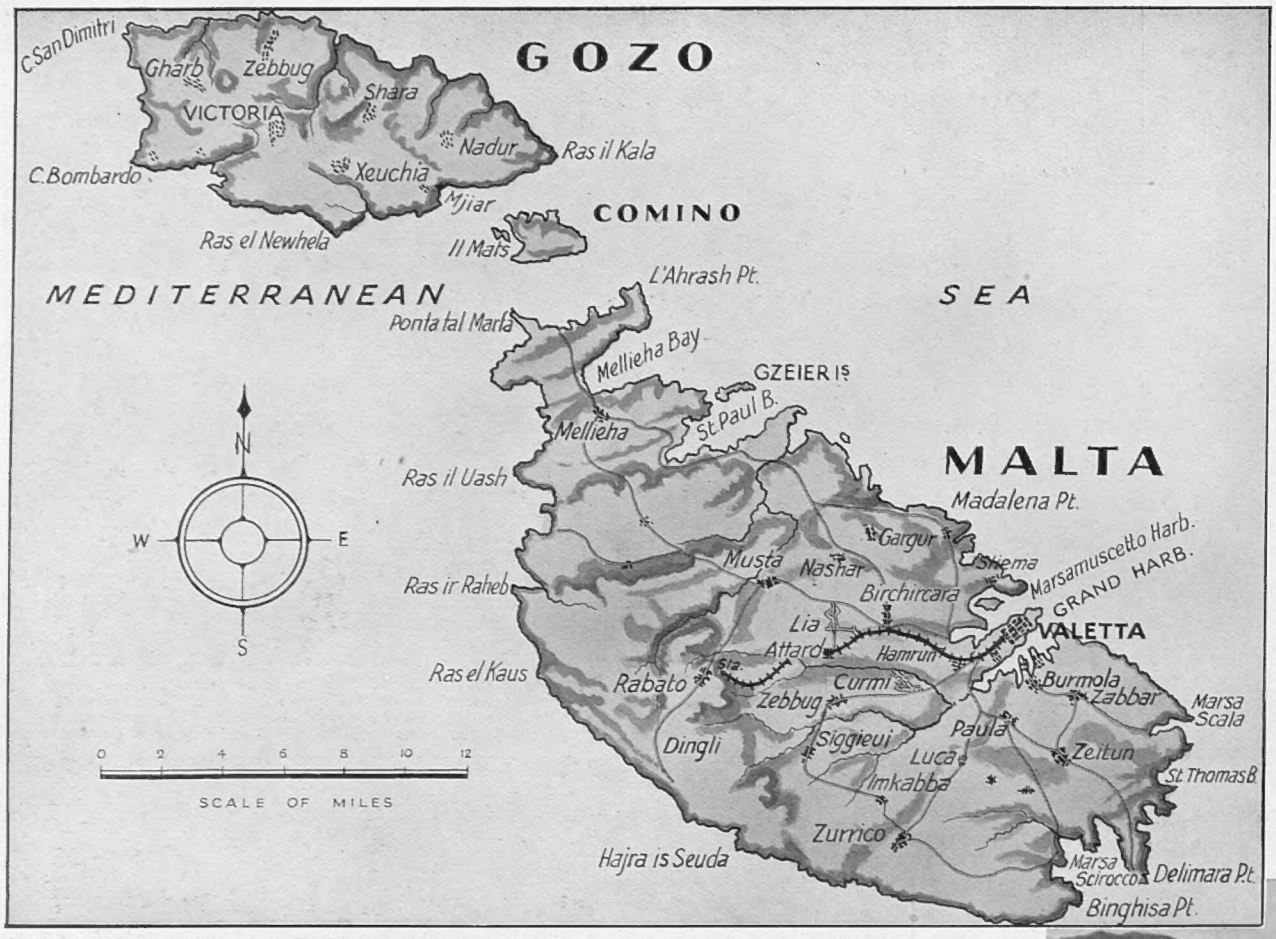
Here the foreground slopes make landings impossible, but farther away there are open spaces which should be treated, either by stakes set in the ground, or farm implements and carts placed across the meadow





THIS AREA LOOKS AT FIRST POSSIBLE BUT WOULD PROBABLY BE AVOIDED BY AN ENEMY PILOT

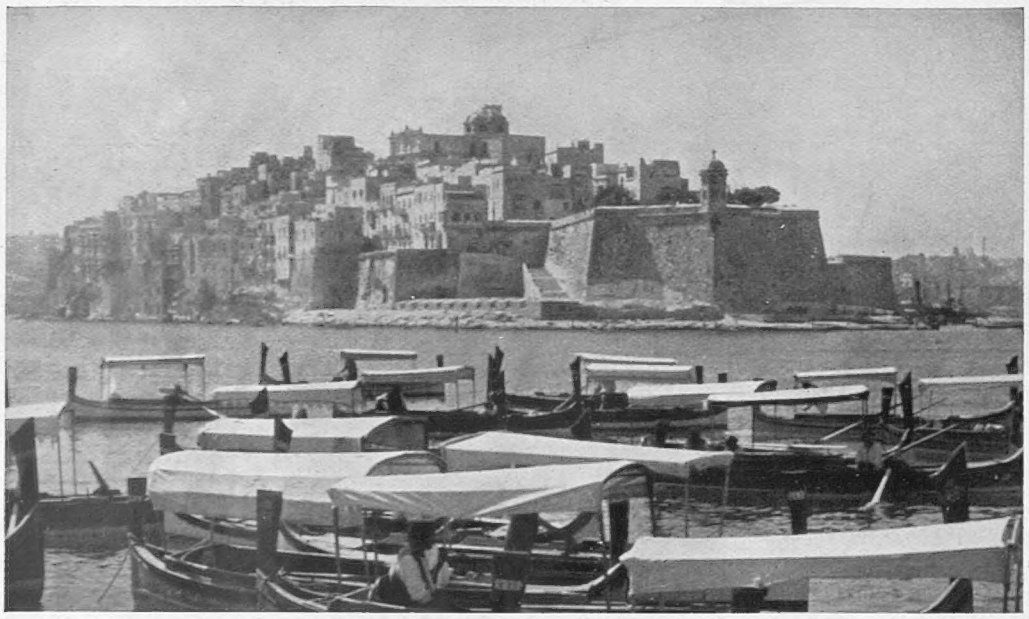
The surface is probably too rutty to provide a reasonably safe landing. The proximity of water would suggest trying somewhere else. The ideal obstacle is one which throws the plane on to its nose—the crew at best could only emerge as a shaken body of men



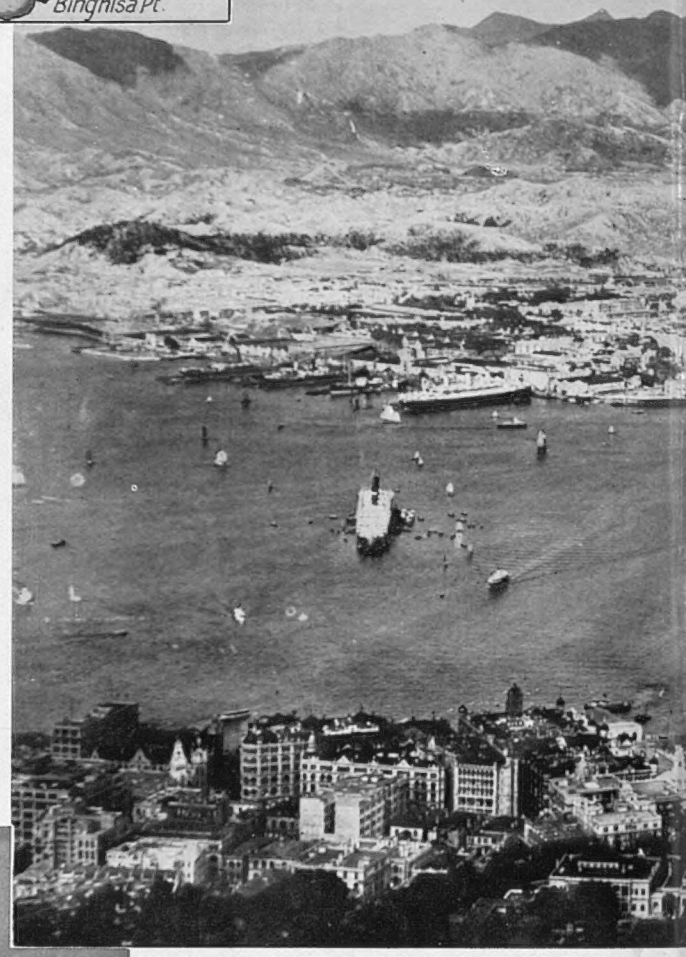
THE MID-MEDITERRANEAN OUTPOST OF MALTA: This famous island station is larger than one commonly supposes. The attention of the public is so often drawn by pictures to Valetta and the Grand Harbour that the impression gains ground that this is all there is—ships, boats, and bastioned harbour. Whereas there is a considerable amount of rocky island with several bays and an ancient and picturesque capital reached by a short line of railway. In addition there is the rocky island of Gozo and the islet of Comino

THREE FOR

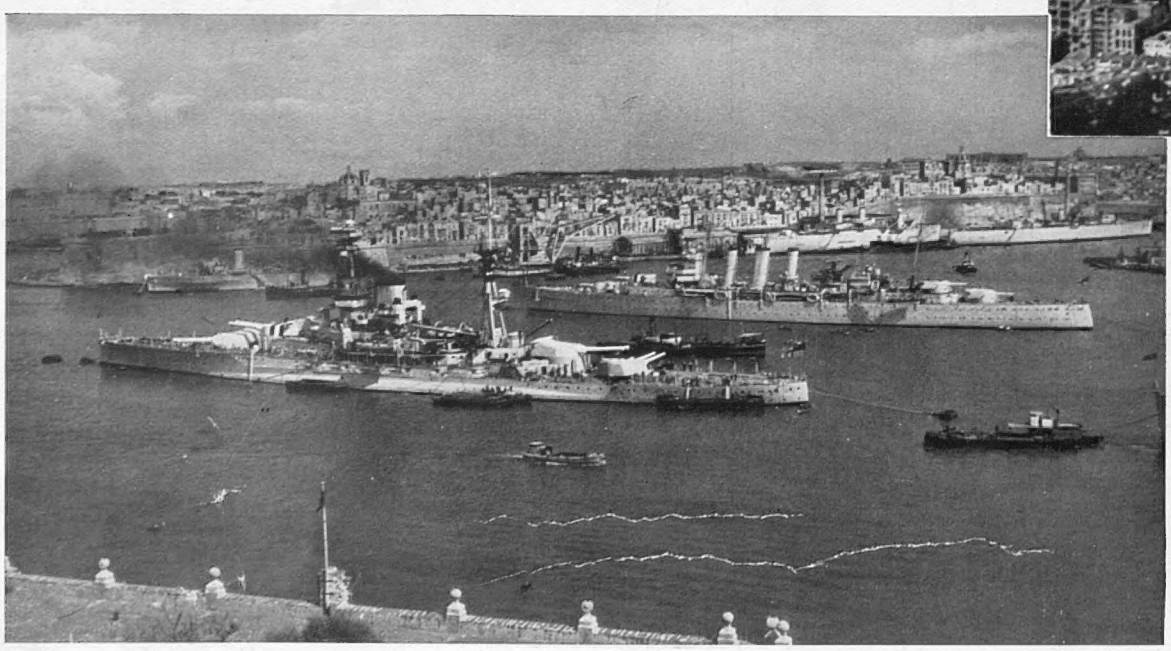
GIBRALTAR'S DEFENCES AGAINST AIR 3·7-in. anti-aircraft guns are mounted o be able to give a hot welcome to



MALTA: Seen from the level of the water the ramparts of Malta harbour are very striking, the outline of the older houses (roomy and cool for the heat) being particularly attractive



HONG KONG: This Far Eastern outpost has been much in the news during the past fortnight; Hong Kong itself is in the foreground with Kowloon and the mainland. *Below on right* is a map of the island

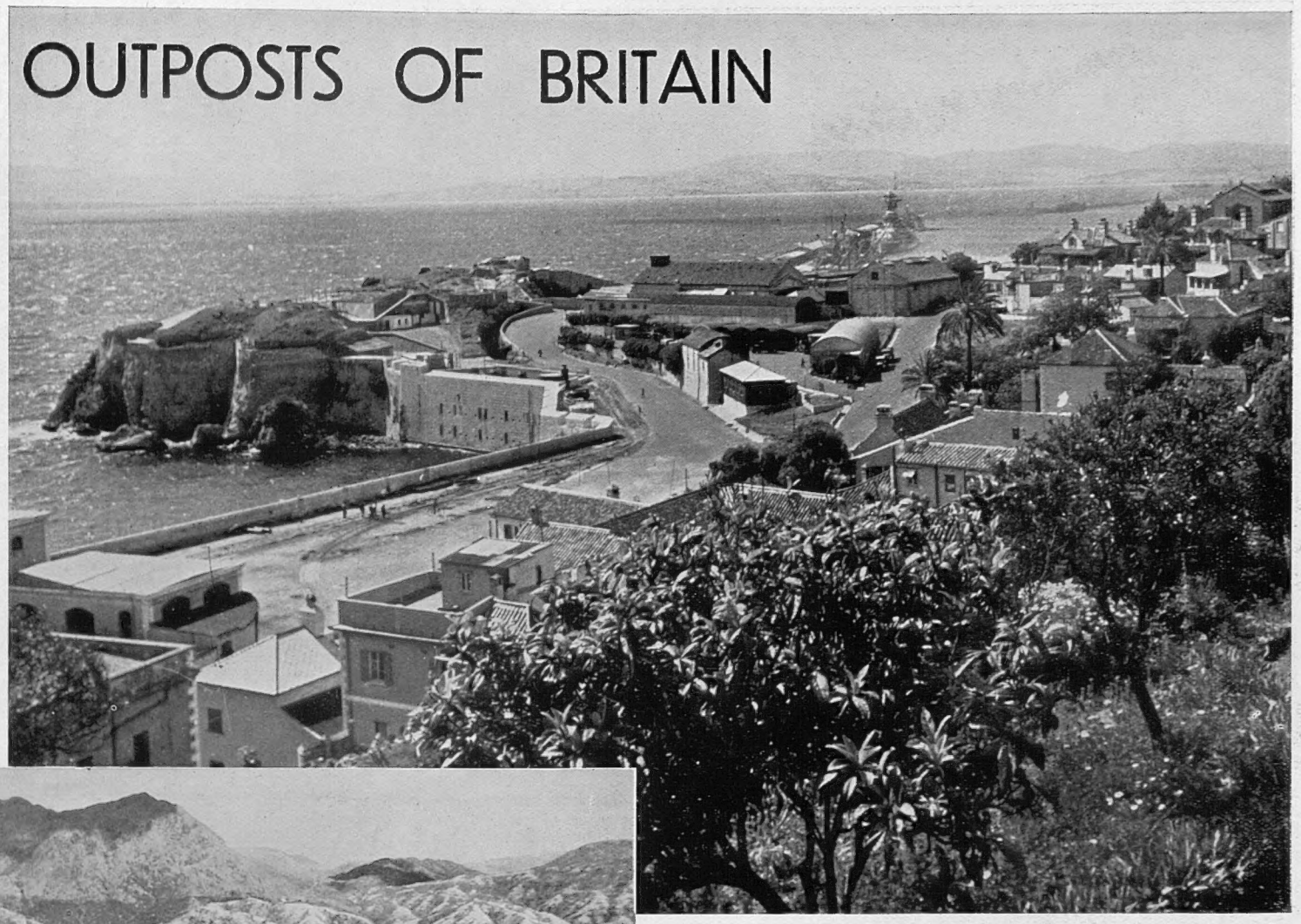


MALTA: A general view of the harbour at Valetta. The old spacious houses tower above the esplanades and walls, which look down on the blue waters of the famous harbour. One of the sights of the town is the old Hospital of the Knights, which reminds the visitor of the long occupation of the island by the Knights Hospitallers which followed the long period of Aragonese control. Although the language of the Law Courts is Italian, the island has never been in Italian hands. The islanders, with few exceptions, speak a Punic dialect

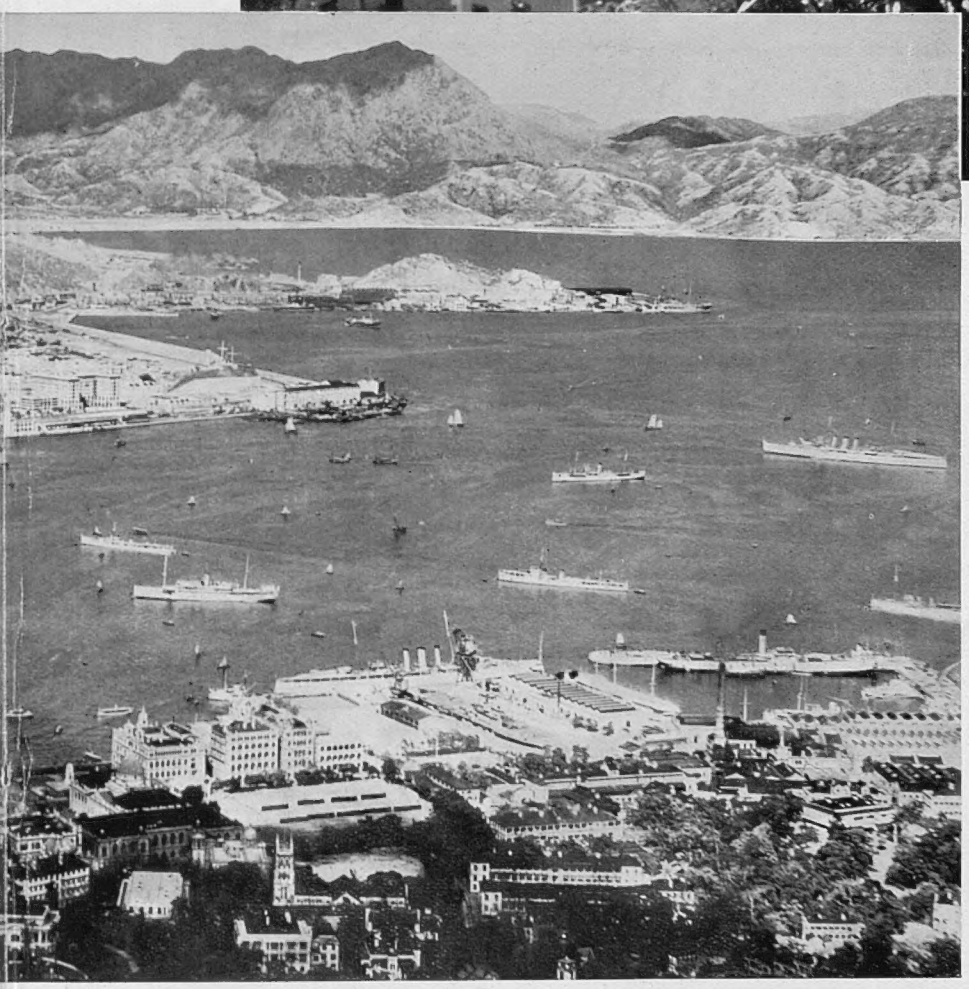
MALTA: Valetta has some odd sights, besides its innumerable goats, to show to visitors. One is the unusual manner of storing grain in underground bins covered by stone lids

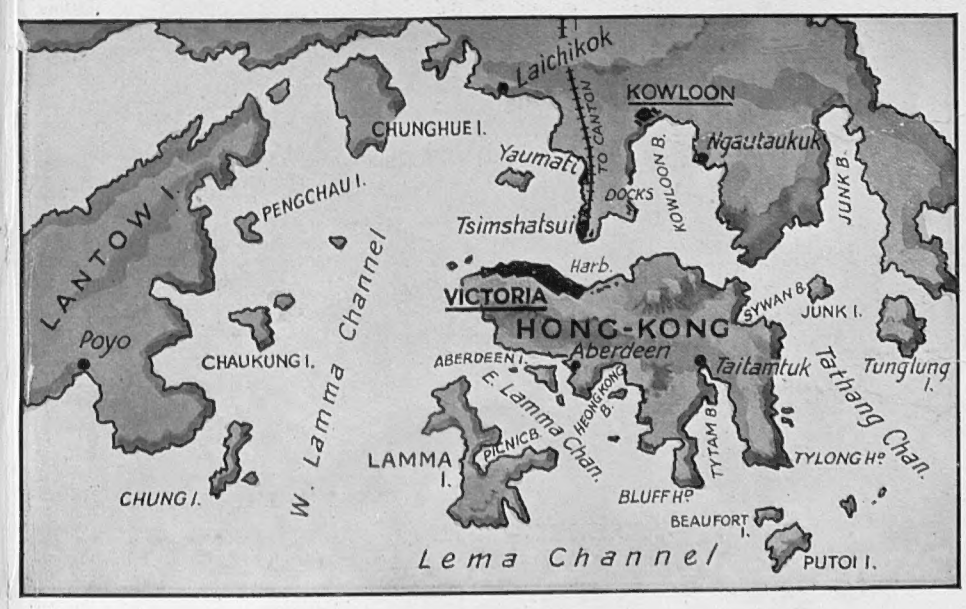
TRESS OUTPOSTS OF BRITAIN

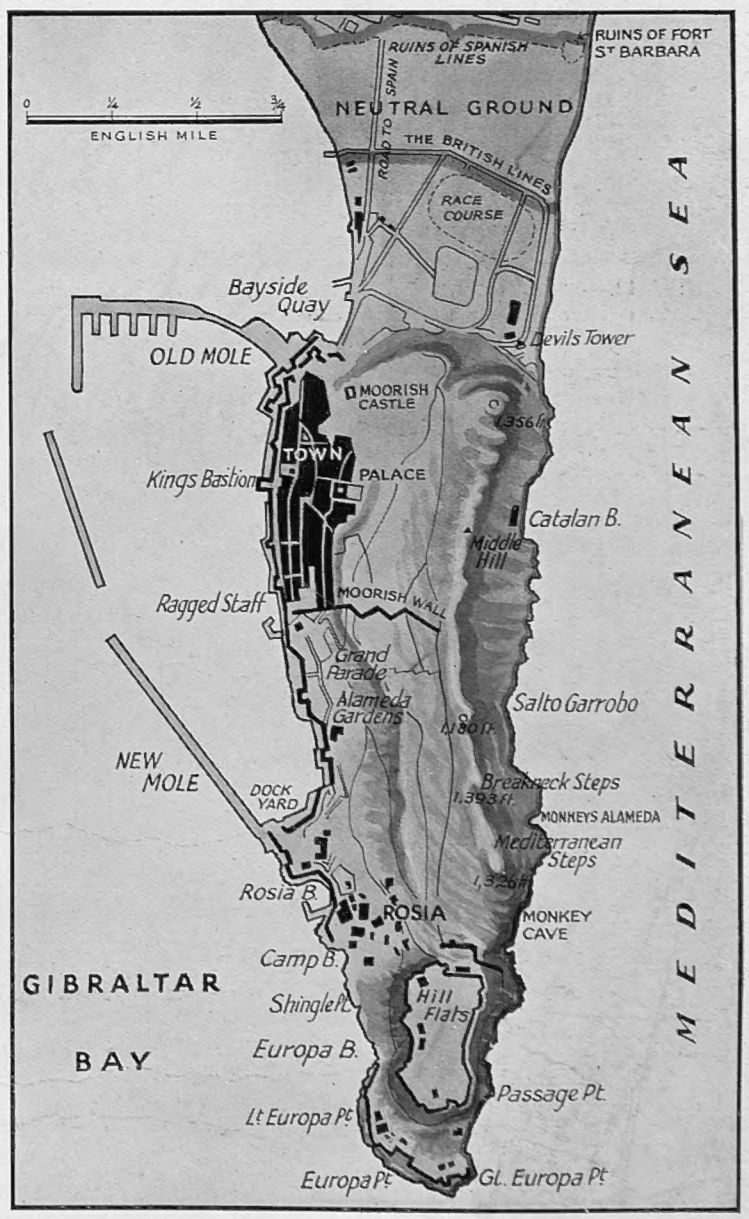
ATTACK: Powerful
the Rock. They will
enemy aircraft



GIBRALTAR: Looking towards the harbour. The harbour and town lie on the west side of the Rock, which rises up to a kind of rocky spine 1,393 ft. above sea level at its highest point. The cultivated gardens in the Rosia district break the general bareness of the Rock







GIBRALTAR: The great Rock is a narrow tongue of land about 3 miles in length by a little less than a mile wide. The east side is precipitous, the harbour, town, and residential houses and gardens being grouped under the western face of the Rock. At the southern end are the Hill Flats and Europa Point. To the north is the neutral ground

AN ISLAND KINGDOM

"This England Never Did, Nor Never Shall, Lie at the

CORNWALL—HELL'S MOUTH, NEAR PORTREATH, ONE OF THE WILDEST SPOTS ON THE CORNISH COAST: Near by lies the town of Redruth, a centre of the Cornish mineral industry, and Gwennap Pit, a grassy amphitheatre where Wesley used to preach to the miners

SCOTLAND—DRIVING THE SHEEP DOWN THE MOUNTAIN PATHWAY FROM THE HEIGHTS OF BEN NEVIS, WITH BEAUTIFUL GLEN NEVIS BELOW: The sheep are dotted over the mountainside, which is the highest in the British Isles, only a few feet below the line of perpetual snow

SKYE—ROMANTIC AND MISTY ISLE OFF THE WEST COAST OF SCOTLAND—THE VIEW TOWARDS PORTREE WITH THE CLOUD-CAPPED COOLINS IN THE DISTANCE: The Coolins

DORSET—THE PARISH CHURCH AND ROW HILL AT BATCOMBE: The grey stone of the church tower stands out in bold relief from its green background of rolling hills

DEVONSHIRE—THE STATELY ELMS OF ENGLAND AT CREDITON: From 909 to 1050 the seat of the Bishopric of Devon, and the birthplace of St. Boniface, the apostle of Germany

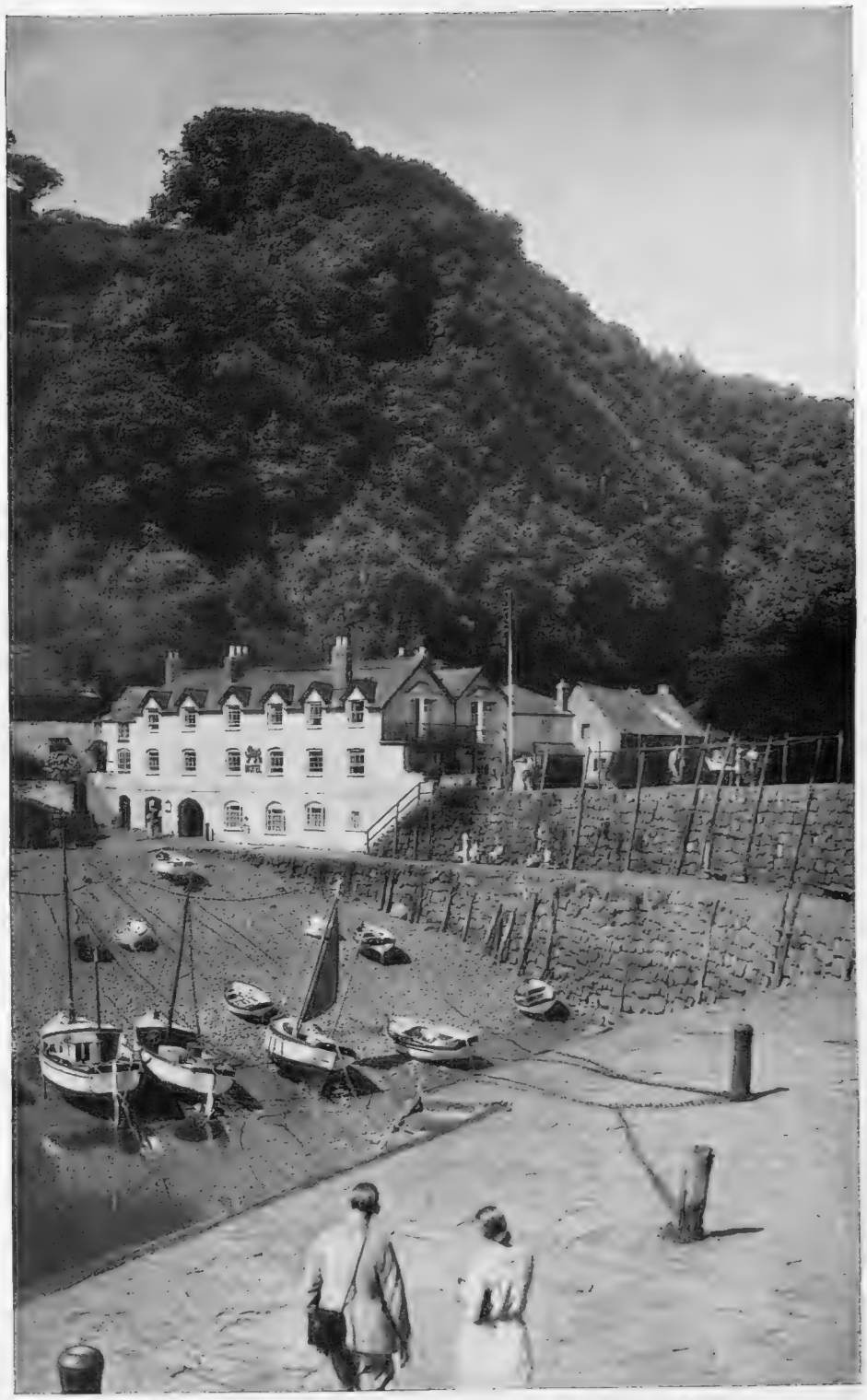
WORTH FIGHTING FOR

"Proud Foot of a Conqueror" — Wm. Shakespeare on "England"

are a range of mountains remarkable for their jagged outlines, the impressiveness of which is heightened by the dark colour of the gabbro rock. Portree, the capital, is situated on a bay facing the island of Raasay

HEREFORD—THE TINY NORMAN CHURCH AT GARWAY: With sheep, cows, and chickens in the foreground to lend the pastoral note. A scene which will live long after the would-be invader is crushed

SCOTLAND—THE OLD BRIG O' DEE, WITH LOCH NAGAR AT INVERCAULD: Byron, who spent a youthful holiday in the nearby farmhouse of Ballatrich, has sung the praises of beautiful Loch Nagar



DEVONSHIRE—THE LITTLE HARBOUR AT CLOVELLY WITH TOWERING TREE-TOPPED CLIFFS BEYOND: Clovelly has one main street which is in reality a staircase descending abruptly to the sea with houses climbing on each side so far as the limited space allows

ESSEX—THE MILL AT HEYBRIDGE, NEAR MALDON, WITH ITS BEAUTIFUL WINDING MILL STREAM LINED WITH REEDS: This scene is typical of the flat Essex countryside. Nearby Maldon, at the head of the Blackwater estuary, has a fifteenth-century town hall

WHILE WAITING FOR THE ATTACK

Some of the Methods which Germany Might Use Against Us

By CHARLES G. GREY (Founder of "The Aeroplane")

WHETHER or not the *blitzkrieg* against Britain has started by the time these notes appear there are certain features about such an attack which are worth considering. A friend said recently that the Germans always do obvious things but never the thing that is obvious. That is to say, when they have done, it seems so simple, but it is seldom just what they were expected to do.

For example, everybody in aviation knew about the German dive-bombers. But nobody expected them to use their dive-bombers as a creeping barrage in front of their tanks, which was the obvious thing to do. And that has been the most successful of their operations.

THE SCREAMING BOMB: A diagram of the type of bomb the Germans have been using in their attempts to demoralise the civilian population. The noise is achieved by adding small hollow tubes shaped like organ pipes made of sheet metal welded to the fins of the bomb. The air whistles through these tubes and causes a screaming whine as the missile falls. That such devices exist prove that Germany always intended to demoralise the civil population. They could be of no effective use against a legitimate military objective. These methods, however, do not add to the dangers of air-raids. The great thing to remember is that noise cannot kill

Their parachute troops were useful in Holland because they had people on the ground ready to help them, and they only had a short distance to travel by air. But getting those same old Junkers air-liners across the Channel, even if they flew through darkness and low cloud to alight at dawn, would be another story. And if they came over on a clear night they would just be sitters for search-lights, guns, and fighters.

One point about parachute troops which has not been much discussed is that the parachutist when he hits the ground must be travelling across it at the speed of the wind at that moment. So if he drops into anything of a breeze and does not land on open pasture he is apt to get a nasty knock against a wall or a house or a tree. Many parachute troops were killed in Norway by crashing into rocks instead of sitting softly on snow.

Professional parachutists have often been killed by falling on top of buildings and then beingdragged off by gusts of wind, partially filling the deflated parachutes and dropping them into streets.

By the way, an ardent parashot suggests that with the coming of dawn on any day when parachuting is possible, the Local Defence Volunteers should drive all available horned cattle out into their pastures and keep them, as the Americans say, "milling around" so that parachutists may alight on their horns. There is humour even in war.

The normal technique of the German Army in attacking aerodromes has been to bomb all round the edge where anti-aircraft guns are likely to be placed, so as to drive the gunners into their dug-outs. Then they drop their parachute troops on top of the bombs, so that when the gunners come up they find themselves facing tommy-guns or hand-grenades. And then troop-carrying aeroplanes land into the aerodrome unhindered.

Obviously if the Germans attack with flat boats carrying tanks and troops, which is the old technique foreseen in *The Riddle of the Sands* by Erskine Childers, the approaching Armada will be preceded by dive-bombers followed by parachutists. Then presumably, according to plan, the tanks will walk up the beach over the sand hills and into the country. Alternatively, masses of parachutists may be dumped inland, to form "strong points," and to divert troops from the coast.

Apropos of which a nice story comes from Rumania. By way of Maginot line or Siegfried position, a Carol canal was built along the Transylvanian frontier so that if Admiral Horthy, the Hungarian Regent, attacked he would have to do so by submarine. But as a second line of defence, in the hill country where the canal could not be taken, tank-traps in the form of concrete posts were erected. A visitor to that part of the country reported in Bucharest that the local forest hogs had pushed most of them down by using them as scratching posts.

Popular imagination no doubt visualises the beaches of Britain lined with the returned troops of the British Expeditionary Force as thickly as by bathers on a normal August Bank Holiday. Fortunately there are only certain spots on which boats can land, for we have a goodly proportion of rock and cliff. Possibly parachute troops might try to capture a port, at which ships could come alongside quays. But by the time they had bombed it enough to capture it there would be nowhere to land. And anyhow we still have a navy.

The Spanish Armada was defeated primarily by the mobility and good gunnery of English (not British, please) ships in the running fight up Channel from Devon to Sussex. That may be analogous to the fine work of our Spitfires and Hurricanes and Defiant fighters. The second blow was the attack by fire-ships off the French coast between Calais and Dunkirk. That may correspond with attacks by our heavy bombers on the bases at which flat boats are to be, or are being, assembled. The third was the gales which blew all round the coast of England at that time. "He blew with His mouth and they were scattered." Nothing would stop the invasion of England by parachutists and flat boats so well as a howling gale.

St. Hilary of Poitiers, I believe, once reproved a too ardent disciple by saying that he showed "an irreligious solicitude for God"—meaning that the disciple did not regard enough the maxim that "the Lord helps those who help themselves." First of all, the weather let us get our people away from Dunkirk when even a moderate gale would have stopped most of them. Similarly, it helped us to get the Expeditionary Force back from Central France and to fetch crowds of refugees away from Southern France. Many of those overloaded boats would have been sunk by bad weather.

Praying that after what would have been an ideal summer in time of peace we may now have gales to help us to provide another respite in which to increase our armament, does seem to be asking too much. But we can hope.

Thence let us turn briefly to a gallant enemy who died on duty—Marshal Italo Balbo, Governor of Libya. There seems no doubt now that he was killed in an accident and not in action, but nevertheless on active service.

Balbo was always friendly to us English. One of his great friends and admirers said to me, "Balbo is not really an Italian, he is older than that, he is an Etruscan." Which may account for his Titian red hair and beard. He was the living picture of a medieval Captain of Condottieri, and he had that kind of mind. He has been described as a gangster, but he was also a sportsman, and he had a sense of humour.

In the early days of Fascism when he was political boss of Ferrara and wanted certain people "run out of town," he wrote to his henchman that if these people persisted in remaining it would be necessary to club them, "without exaggeration but in the prescribed form, until they made up their minds." Who has not felt like that towards somebody? "Without exaggeration" is a gem of a phrase.

Some years ago, a sporting Irishwoman and a friend of mine were flying to Egypt to a meeting, and as they had to go by way of Tripoli I wrote to Balbo, whom I had met at the Schneider Trophy Contest and in Italy, asking him whether he would get one of his underlings to ease my friends' passage through the Customs, so far as was in accord with regulations.

They were met on the aerodrome by the Viceroy's A.D.C. and taken up to the Palace where they were bidden to dine and stay the night. They had only their flying-clothes, but Balbo set them at ease by dining in undress uniform and saying that they were all aviators together. Next day they were shown round Tripoli and sent off to Egypt with all good wishes.

Balbo's flights to South and North America with his fleet of seaplanes is history. He was liked wherever he went. At Calshot, whither he came for the Schneider Trophy Contest of 1929, he showed himself a good loser.

Naturally the obvious analogy has been drawn between Balbo's death at the beginning of the Italian war and that of General von Fritsch at the beginning of the German attack on Poland. They were both supposed to be feared by their political leaders. And the suggestion is that both were assassinated by order. Neither story seems probable. Both these officers were probably killed while doing dangerous things which officers of their seniority ought not to do.

Good as the Savoia-Marchetti aeroplane has proved itself to be, several of them have been wrecked inexplicably. One of them killed almost all the Board of the Rhine Metal Works Company, including a nephew of Göring's. And Balbo's crash, like that of another Italian machine which was wrecked in Egypt on its way to Abyssinia, may have been no more than an accident in trying to land on impossible desert ground.

There is reason to believe that the Italian Air Force has not its heart in this war against us. An ingenious theory is that Mussolini found himself so placed that if he did not come in against us he would be beaten up by Germany, and if he did he would be beaten up by us. Of the two he decided that we should be kinder —"without exaggeration and in the prescribed form" as it were.

THE BOMB SNUFFERS: The latest device for dealing with incendiary bombs. When placed over the bomb it will prevent any spreading of fire. The dome-shaped wire-meshed frame is specially strengthened and coated inside and out with asbestos fibre

THE WAR by Sea and Air : TWO ITALIAN LOSSES

Drawn by Montague Dawson

THE LOSS OF ONE OF THE BIGGEST ITALIAN SUBMARINES

The British trawler *Moonstone*, on patrol off Aden, recently captured one of the biggest of Italian submarines. The *Moonstone* saw the periscope of the submarine and at once attacked with depth charges. These brought the submarine to the surface, the enemy craft engaging the trawler with her entire armament—torpedoes, two 3-in. guns, and smaller guns. The *Moonstone* replied with her 4-in. gun and a Lewis gun. The submarine was brought into Aden as a prize. There were no British casualties. Three officers and 37 ratings were taken prisoner

Drawn by Roland Davies

A BIG THREE-ENGINE ITALIAN BOMBER BROUGHT DOWN EAST OF ADEN

Several big Italian bombers have been brought down in the air-fighting in the Near and Middle East regions. One, here depicted by Roland Davies, was forced down by R.A.F. fighters when the enemy craft was east of Aden. Working skilfully from above, the fighters forced the big bomber to land undamaged on the desert

Drawn by Montague Dawson

R.A.F. BOMBERS ATTACKING GERMAN WAR PRODUCTION WORKS BY MEANS OF FLARES

All kinds of important enemy factories have been attacked from the air during the past few weeks. On some nights imperfect visibility over the targets has necessitated the use of flares. Here are two typical reports:—"In the Ruhr at Osterfeld, a marshalling yard was bombed and at Monheim an oil refinery was severely damaged. Hits were registered on an aircraft factory at Bremen, and at Cologne a salvo of bombs caused explosions in a chemical works. A later message says:—"Oil refineries at Hamburg, where R.A.F. pilots have been constant visitors, were heavily bombed with high explosives and incendiaries. Fires broke out in many parts of the target area. Other pilots raided an oil refinery and an aircraft factory at Bremen. Heavy bombs fell across the refinery"

FIGHTING MEN of the DOMINIONS: Their Distinguishing Dress and Badges Specially Drawn for "The Sphere"

Dress, Tunic and Trousers with Conical Hat

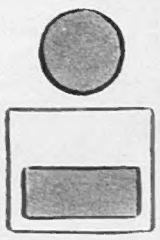
Royal Artillery Badge worn by Canadians but it can vary

CANADA

Both the Australian and New Zealand forces wear tunic, trousers, and headdress almost identical with the kit of the Great War, 1914–18. The Australians have a broad band on the hat, the New Zealanders a variety of narrow bands of different colours

NEW ZEALAND

METAL CAP BADGE



FABRIC ARM BADGES

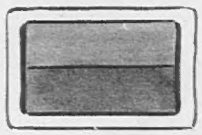
(The colours vary)

The metal badge has two N.Z. fern leaves, the letters N.Z. and a crown

AUSTRALIA

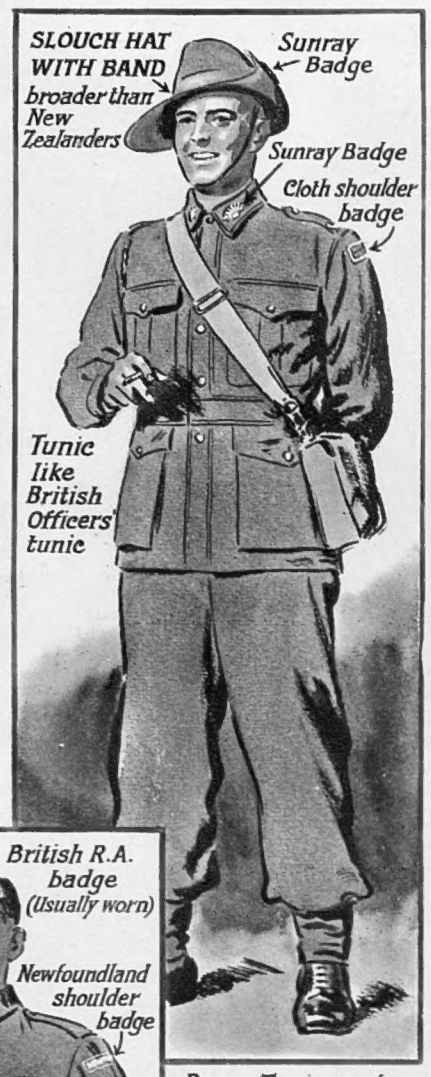
METAL CAP BADGE

A Sunray device with crown



FABRIC ARM BADGE

The colours vary



Dress, Tunic and Trousers

Royal Artillery Badge worn by Newfoundlanders

NEWFOUNDLAND

The Canadians and Newfoundlanders are almost identical in appearance. Both wear British battledress with the shoulder badge with the word "Canada" or "Newfoundland" and the metal badge of the Royal Artillery. This appears to be varied on occasion with the Canadians, but not with the Newfoundlanders. Both wear a forage cap

STRANGE as it may appear, England and the English are a new discovery to the thousands of Dominion troops who have come over here to fight for us. It is important to let that fact sink in, because we are apt to think that everything goes on our lines and that anyone who speaks the same language and is willing to die for us and our principles of freedom is one of us.

And so he is in many ways, and in the all important way, but none the less he likes to be recognised. A grand fellow at any time, a devil in uniform, and always a Briton, let us avoid the embarrassment of calling the first New Zealander we meet a Canadian under the impression that he must be a member of the North West Mounted Police.

First to arrive in this country were the Canadians. There is little to be said about them, magnificent, tough men so far as recognition is concerned. On their shoulders, in their battle dress, the word "Canada" conveys all the information available unless clever eyes pick out what branch of the forces they belong to by their brown badges. Forage caps well at an angle give the air of independence. Officers have four leaves of the maple, instead of "pips," on their shoulders.

All overseas units live under the same guise of secrecy, in order to avoid letting the enemy know how many, and what troops they are up against. As with the British Army, every bit of insignia is easily detachable, and any army tailor can make alterations in a minute.

Most numerous in the streets at the moment are the New Zealanders, with their prominent arm markings. The squares, triangles, and three-quarter moons are puzzling. Roughly speaking, the basic colours represent the branch of the army, and the shapes the battalion to which they belong. I shall not deal with the shapes, because that is a secret matter, but if you see red, you will know he is an infantryman. In the same way white indicates the Army Service Corps, and maroon the medical service.

Ignoring shapes, here are the main recognition signals.

Red and khaki: Infantry. Light blue and dark blue: Divisional Signals. Two blues and red: Artillery. White and khaki: A.S.C. and Divisional Ammunition Column. Khaki and green shows Divisional Cavalry, and khaki and navy blue the Engineers, which includes the forestry side and the railways. Maroon is the Medical Corps, and maroon and red the convalescent side of it. The Chaplains show black and the Pay Corps yellow.

In various ways these colours are intermingled and since their arrival in England new arrangements have been made so that not even the experts are certain of identifying each other and the enemy probably can't.

As for uniform, black boots, hats with a straight brim, like the boy scouts, and probably N.Z.E. on the shoulder badges.

The Australians, said the War Office, are distinguished in the same way. That could not be more untrue. Apart from the hat, tilted up on the left, unlike the straight brim of the New Zealanders, the Australian alone wears shoes, or boots of tan, which vary between a reddish, of constant polish, and the newish of the recruit. As for their arm decorations, they are smaller and neater than the New Zealanders'. For the infantry, depending on their particular duty, they are white over blue, black over blue, or purple over blue in narrow stripes. Artillery and anti-tank are triangles of red and blue; machine-gunners triangles of yellow and grey; Signals are squares of blue and white, and engineers of red and white. The medical service is brown, the A.S.C. blue over white (the opposite of infantry), and the padres blue with a small red centre.

The New Zealanders all wear the same badge, the laurel wreath and crown, for the old regimental badge of the last war has almost disappeared, though a few names are retained for internal use.

As for the Newfoundlanders, who are now over here, it is unlikely that anyone has so far recognised them. The reason is that they arrived in civilian clothes and went straight into battle dress with R.A. for Royal Artillery on their shoulders, and a forage cap.

Permission has now been given for them to wear a red satin strip on their shoulders with the white letters "Newfoundland" so that within a fortnight these gallant fighters will be recognisable.

Anonymity seems to be the official motto for our Dominions. But at any rate we can recognise which Dominion they come from—and give them a welcome.

In Quest of Good Hotels

By ASHLEY COURTENAY

FILM fans will tell you that they learned more history from the *Private Life of Henry VIII* and *Sixty Glorious Years* than they ever did from history books, and I am beginning to feel that it takes a world war to teach us geography.

Now that Sussex coast bathing has been banned, and with the ban has gone one of the last inducements to a seaside trek during the week-end, people are discovering that you can go south without going quite so far south; that though the sea is forbidden territory the sun remains the same. The same little breezes that ruffle the waves, stir the leaves of silver birches that gather round little inland pools, and sweep over heather-covered commons that surround quaint little villages nestling behind the wide sweep of Down that protects them from the sea.

Washington, Pulborough, Storrington, to mention only a few, are rural areas upon which a bomb would only drop by chance—and a very small chance at that. It is worth remembering that when an attack is made upon a given object with the intention of doing damage to it, large numbers of bombs must be concentrated on and around the same spot. There are no such "given objects" within miles of this Sussex backwater, and though planes may pass overhead, they will be going somewhere on evil bent, and will not be disposed to waste their bombs on this innocuous patch of countryside.

Whispering pines, and dusty, friendly little by-ways. There are no signposts to-day, so Smock Alley, Broomers Hill and West Chiltington played hide and seek with the stranger. This is an ideal spot in which to relax, even if only for thirty-six hours, with the added advantage, for the harassed London worker, of being within easy reach.

I have been told once or twice that the Roundabout Hotel, Storrington, is difficult to find; my reply is always the same: it is even harder to get away from. Once you have crossed its welcoming threshold, lazed in its tree-shadowed garden, or slept in its truly miraculous beds (I am referring to the indoor ones), you will invent every excuse to make the journey there again.

In these days of petrol restriction it is less likely than of yore that you speed through any village picturesque or no, but in any event, if you are driving through Pulborough, make it "Dead Slow" and finally "Halt" at Chequers if you really want to enjoy yourself. You can feast there in two senses of the word: feast yourself on the truly excellent cooking, and feast your eyes on Chequers' massive oak beams and monastery chapel. And those who are energetically inclined can play golf or tennis, ride or fish, or walk from, and always back to, this delightful hotel in miniature.

Altogether this Sussex sanctuary is a good spot with numerous treasure to offer. If you do not want to stay in Pulborough itself there is Lodge Hill, Waterfield, quite nearby, a hundred feet or so above the London–Littlehampton main road, surrounded by 30 acres of pine woods. Many a beauty specialist will tell you that pine baths are refreshing—I ask for nothing more refreshing than the deep slumber induced by the proximity of pines to my open window. Their faint, never-to-be-forgotten scent is indescribable, but delicious, and to sleep surrounded by a belt of them is to sleep soundly indeed.

Everything at Lodge Hill is of the best, from the menu, which looks simple, but is sumptuous, to the service, quiet and efficient, and if you cannot make your way to it by road, the Southern Electric from Victoria will put an end to your transport problem.

Then there is Washington, under the sheltering fold of the Downs, with Chanctonbury Ring as guardian angel. It is here will be found Clematis Cottage Hotel, as sweet in surround as in name. There one can relax in a walled, cloistered garden, remote from the noise of roadside traffic and nothing, unless it be the drone of an occasional plane, will remind you that the world is at war—without.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS

D. B., Cerne Abbas.—You ask me to find you a quiet country guest house or small hotel in Dorset or Devon. You cannot do better than the Battlecombe Guest House, Bridport, for comfort and serenity. If you venture as far as Devon, Broomhill Guest House, Muddiford, is the answer to your problem, nor will any other problems arise while you are staying there, for everything is done to make you comfortable and happy. Or you could try Front House, Bovey Tracey, an ideal spot dating back from early times; the actual house was once the scene of an encounter between Roundheads and Cavaliers, but there is no difference of opinion nowadays on the excellence of this quiet hotel.

A. G., Bedford.—Cheltenham is a popular spot these days, and to be sure of getting in you must bespeak your rooms. I would advise you to try Thirlstaine Hall Hotel, a quite excellent place to stay, offering you every comfort, a bathroom of your own, and a first-class cuisine. If you prefer something a little smaller, I suggest the Ellenborough Hotel, or Wares' in Suffolk Square.

B. M., Kent.—For a week's leave, to be split into two halves, a quiet one and a gay one, I can recommend you two excellent places; for quietude and friendly company you cannot improve upon Chequers, Pulborough. The food is marvellous, the surroundings all you can wish for, and there is riding to be had if you want it. When you come to town you should go to the St. Regis, Cork Street; it is central, comfortable, and not expensive, and you can get your dancing after dinner without having to go out and look for it.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters, accompanied by a 2½d. stamp for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor, THE SPHERE, *32-34, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4. Personal and telephone inquiries, however, cannot be accepted.*

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

In these days when there are so many different Funds being raised for help equally needed, one may wonder whether to still support the older established Societies, but the following extract from a letter received from an old boy gives a ready answer. He says: "Would you kindly forward my thanks to the Committee for the medallion which I received safely a few days ago. I shall treasure this award greatly and look upon it as an inspiration always to go forward—and a reminder to me of many happy days aboard the *Arethusa*." The medallion was for "three years service at sea with a very good character." Will you please send a gift to help more poor boys to be trained for invaluable service to our great Empire. All donations will be gratefully acknowledged from 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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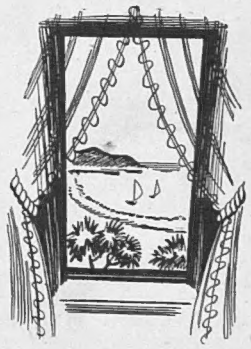

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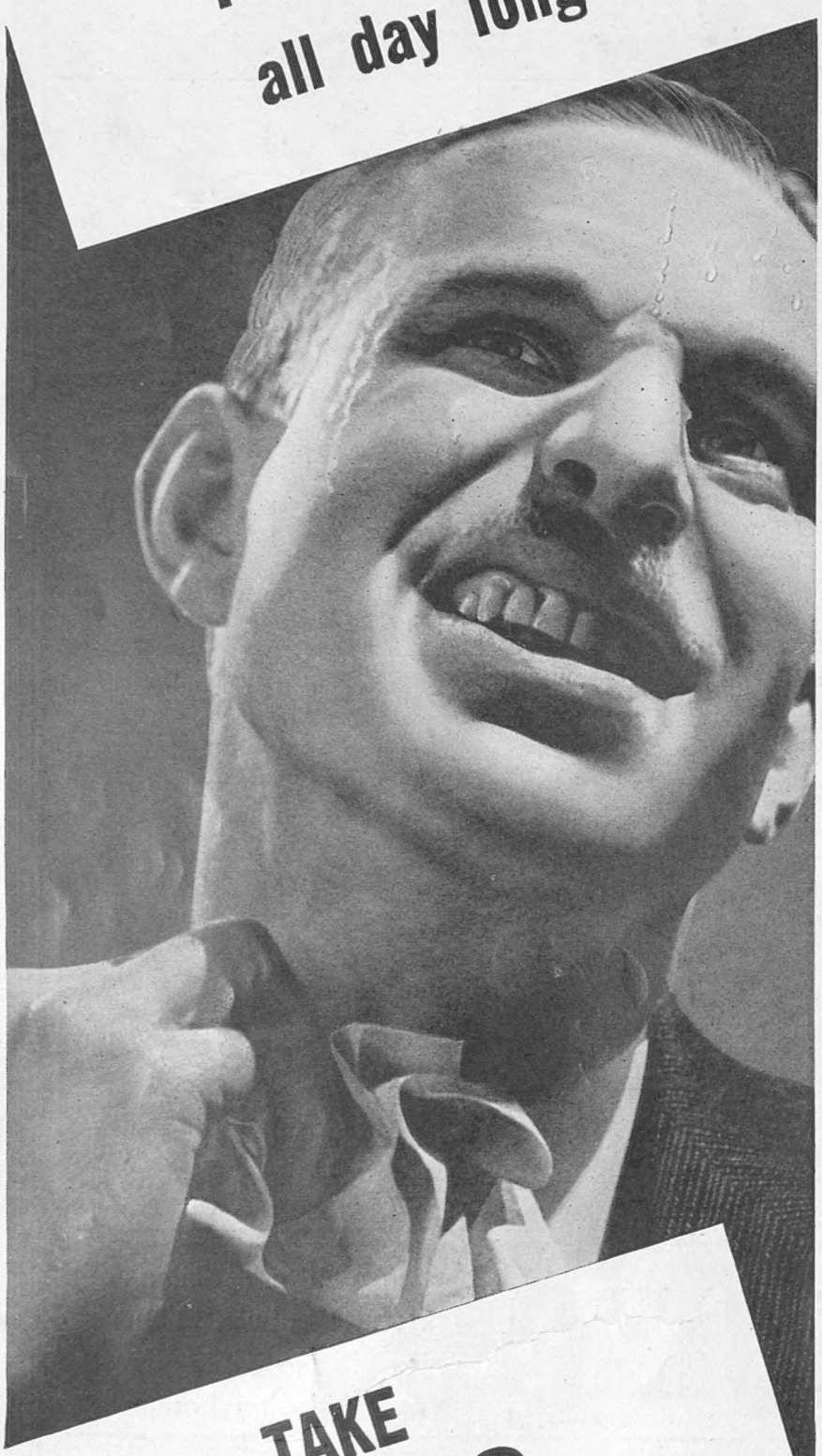

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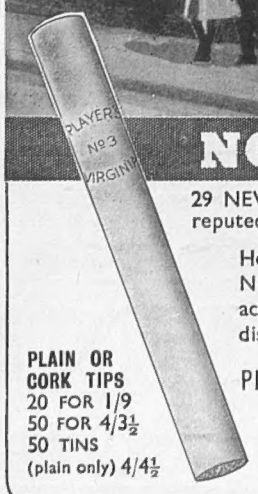

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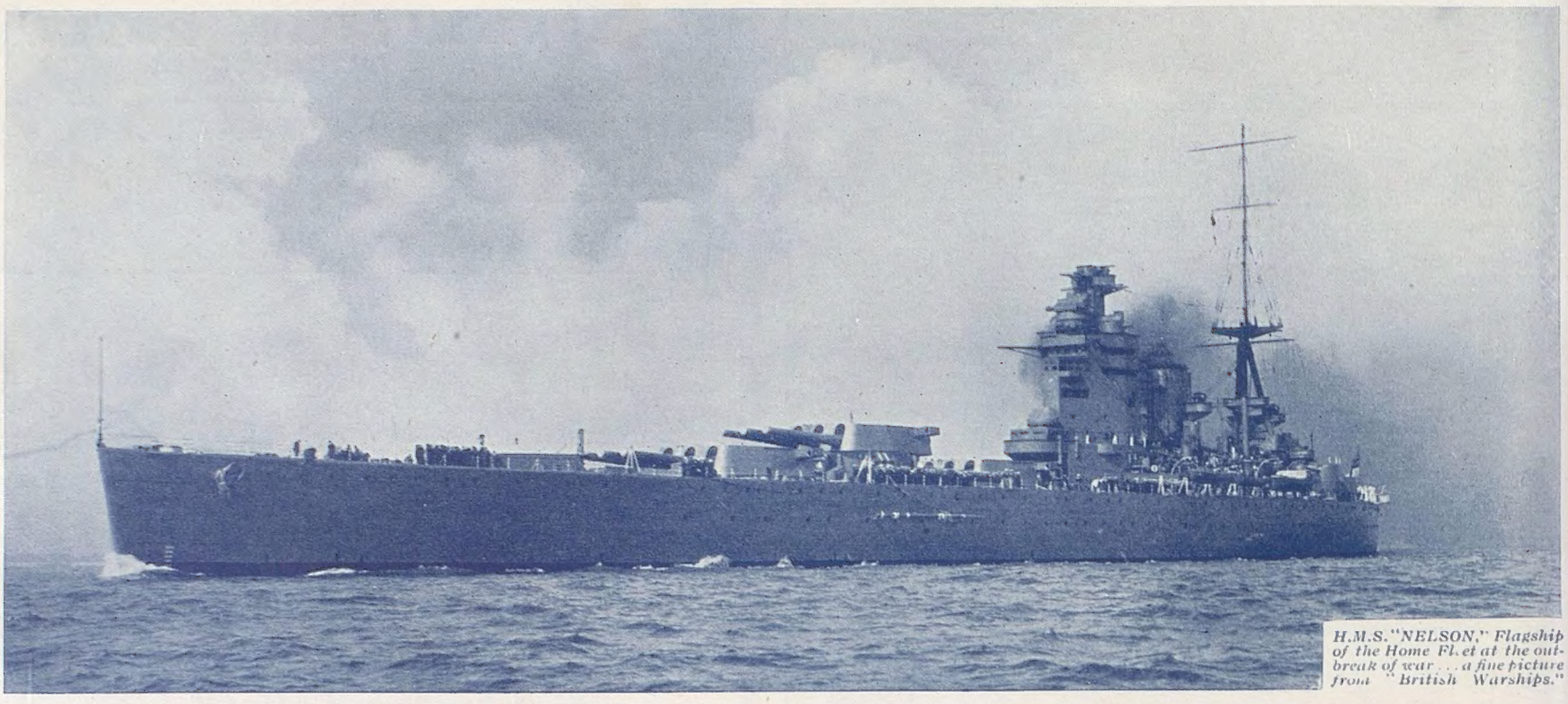

H.M.S. "NELSON," Flagship of the Home Fleet at the outbreak of war . . . a fine picture from "British Warships."

Completely illustrates and describes

THE ROYAL NAVY

"The Navy is to-day, as it always has been in our history, the first line of defence of these islands and of that Great Empire which was built up by the toil and the enterprise of our fathers." Mr. Neville Chamberlain, on the 31st of January, 1940.

This sums up in a few words the supreme part played by the Royal Navy in the present war and specially underlines the value and importance of the publication "BRITISH WARSHIPS" issued by "The Illustrated London News."

"British Warships," a book of panorama proportions (size 19 x 12½), contains photogravure reproductions of every Battleship, Battle-Cruiser, Aircraft-Carrier and Cruiser in the British Navy, as well as illustrations of every type of Destroyer, Submarine, Escort Vessel and other small craft.

A full list (and in many cases explanatory diagrams) of every ship in the Royal Navy, Royal Australian Navy, Royal Canadian Navy, Royal Indian Navy and the New Zealand Navy, with its displacement, complement, dimensions, speed, guns, builders and date of completion, is given in this remarkable book, making it not only an exceptionally beautiful pictorial record, but also a work of reference invaluable to all who are interested in our first line of defence.

THE CONTENTS OF "BRITISH WARSHIPS" INCLUDE—

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